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PARIS AND LONDON:

A BURLETTA, IN THREE ACTS,
By J. R. PLANCHE.

Author of The Brigand. The Mason of Buda. Charles XII.
The Merchants' Wedding. A Woman never Vext.
A Daughter to Marry, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with

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By Mr. BONNER,

from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre
by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

Shakspeare

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Napoleon, when First Consul, and Madame Josephine, in the Garden at Malmaison.
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Act III. Scene 3.

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REMARKS.

Paris and London.

PARIS and London?—London and Paris!—The *Doctor* before the *Apothecary*!

“ Houses, churches, mix’d together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it,—
This is LONDON, how d’ye like it?”

Paris! the world’s vast puppet-show—the seat of pleasure, anarchy, and arts—

“ Where shall I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights;
This dear busy place, where there’s nothing transacting,
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch in a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin’d under trees;
Or quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber’s,
Enjoying their news and *groseille* in those arbours,
While gayly their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice round them are purling.”

Lord Viscount Volatil, an English nobleman, having taken a trip to Paris, plunges into all the excesses of that gay capital. His “little month,” the proposed limit of his absence, having expired, his lady, “like Niobe all tears,” is doomed to endure a still farther delay—for *business* of the utmost importance threatens to detain him a few weeks longer. His epistle of condolence is facetiously penned—he expatiates with amusing severity on the streets, the men, and the women, all of which he

pronounces utterly detestable and hideous, but the drolllest part of it is the description of his own forlorn condition, when, at the very moment he despatches it, loud shouts of mirth and revelry are issuing from a festive party, of which his lordship, in his despair, is the head and front. He is violently smitten with one Mademoiselle Coraly, *première danseuse* of the Academy; a young lady, *light* only in the way of her profession; in other respects "Quite Correct." Finding *billet-doux* and *carte-blanches* unavailing, he persuades Mr. Lissom, an English actor and one of his boon companions, to introduce him behind the scenes of the *Odeon*, on a particular night, when this virtuous Terpsichore is to dance her celebrated *pas seul*. He is admitted, encounters a less scrupulous figurante than Miss Coraly, with whom he coquets; and has the singular honour to take snuff with a lion and a boar! All are now on the tiptoe of anticipation—the opera over, the stage cleared for the ballet, and mademoiselle, *à la plomb*, expected every moment to bounce upon the boards!

"But what are all our resolutions,
What, but mechanical confusions?
Noise, idle noise, from empty drums!
Ah! who Time's spectacles shall borrow,
Ah! who shall say 'To-day's to-morrow?'
When p'raps to-morrow never comes."*

Sudden indisposition has seized the *première danseuse*, a *certificate* of which (as is usual on such calamitous and astounding occasions), signed by her *physician*, is produced, by way of apology, to the audience. The viscount is for the moment annihilated, but is suddenly recalled into existence by a note slyly slipped into his hand by his young page, announcing that the illness of his Dulcinea is merely theatrical—that his proposals are accepted—that at Abberville, where the Diligence stops, he will find a *lady* waiting his arrival, who will lead him to happiness, on *one* condition—that he neither *speaks* to or presumes to *lift the veil* of his incognita, till both have crossed the Channel. He accepts the conditions with transport, and post horses are ordered immediately for the journey.

Behold the lovers safe on board the *Spitfire* packet, in company with a heterogeneous group of passengers.

* "Sophia's Letter to Baron Geramb"

The Honourable Frederick Froth, a fool of fashion ; Captain Gobble, a huge cormorant ; Tom Trot, Lord Volatil's coachman, a plain-spoken John Bull ; Mr. Lissom, the comedian ; and Jean Jaques François Antigone Hypolite Frisac, a self-expatriated barber, the rival of Tom in the affections of Rose, *suivante of the première danseuse*. The viscount having thus far kept his word with his incognita, now insists that their contract is expired—they are on board an English packet, will soon be on English ground ; therefore, any further mystification is unnecessary. He implores her to unveil ; in obedience to his passionate intreaties, she consents—when, if there be truth in sight, instead of Mademoiselle Coraly, with her two legs of mutton cutting their own capers, who should greet him but—*Rose!* The matter is soon cleared up—a second *billet-doux* informs him, (mark the *ambiguity* of the phrase !) that the *woman who adores him* awaits him in London—men willingly believe what they wish to be true—that woman *must* be Coraly !

A series of perplexities distracts all parties, on their arrival in town. John Trot encounters his *rib* when he least expects and desires to see her ; Lord Volatil, who at the hotel has assumed the appropriate title of *L'Amour*, is surprised with a *mal-a-propos* visit from *his* lady ; and a pleasant scene of cross-purposes ensues. Her jealousy is first awakened by the equivocal appearance of Rose, but his lordship's ingenuity obviates the difficulty, by converting Tom Trot into her paramour, and trumping up a *cock-and-a-bull* story about the old libertine's smuggling the girl over in his suite. This produces a sharp tirade from Lady Volatil, and Tom (who is sadly dumbfounded at the joke) is strictly forbid ever to cross her threshold again. The waiter next announces a *French lady*, who desires to speak with *Mr. L'Amour*—confusion ! Her ladyship gravely asks if Tom Trot can have smuggled over *two* ladies ? The viscount is still happy in expedients—and a *gasconade* about civilities on board the packet, and a dozen or two of French gloves, sets matters right for *that* time. The Parisian perquinier now comes in for *his* turn. He had overheard the tale of Trot's intrigue with Rose—vengeance becomes the order of the day !—first to acquaint Mrs. Trot with her coachman's inconstancy ; then for a leap among the tritons, or a *hair trigger* ! He hastens to

the kitchen of Lord Volatil, and encounters the much-injured and respectable cook. After a well-turned compliment to her *profession*, he rings in her ears the fatal intelligence that he has come to stab her to the heart; this is too figurative for her understanding—too terrible for her nerves; she vociferates “Murder!” but a word of explanation quiets her apprehensions; she listens to the story of the coachman’s gallantries, sits lovingly on the knee of Monsieur Frisac, and both parties mingle together their tears. In the midst of this tender interview, bearing his wife’s new French bonnet in a bandbox, slyly steals in John Trot—the *box* instantly pays its devoirs to the *toupée* of Jean Jaques—the bottom of which, being unequal to the shock, is stove in, and the perququier’s pericranium becomes invested with the gorgeous present that had been intended to dignify the Sunday-afternoon devotions of Mrs. Trot! The whole house is in an uproar, Frisac scampers off, but in rushing through the area door, tumbles into a water-butt!

Coraly, having played the viscount so many slippery tricks, promises *at last* to consummate his happiness, at (congenial spot!) the Opera-House masquerade. Thither he repairs, but with a far different motive to that which inspired his former gallantries—he meets the supposed Coraly in a mask—overwhelms her with a thousand apologies—indulges in a little well-timed sentiment about repentance and conjugal fidelity—and informs her, (for his better feelings had conquered) that they now part, *to meet no more!* At this moment his *incognita* throws off her mask—’tis his *own wife!* the companion of his frolics—his boy William—and the powder-monkey of the Spitfire!—Her only emotions are tears of joy.

“To err is human—to forgive, divine.”

This piece, the production of Mr. Planchè, was capitally acted—John Reeve, Wilkinson, and Mrs. Yates, in Lissom, Trot, and the Viscountess, were excellent—Yates, in the jealous Barber, was most amusingly mad.

 D.—G.

Costume.

VISCOUNT VOLATIL.—Fashionable brown dress-coat—white waistcoat—pink under-waistcoat—white breeches—silk stockings—quizzing-glass—opera-hat—shoes and buckles.

LORD GEORGE FREAKLY.—Fashionable blue dress coat—black velvet waistcoat—black breeches and stockings—gold chain—quizzing-glass—opera hat—shoes and buckles.

HON. FREDERICK FROTH.—Fashionable black suit—white under-waistcoat—fashionable cloak—opera-hat—shoes and buckles.

COUNT FRIPON.—Fashionable gray frock coat and pantaloons—red velvet flowered waistcoat—opera-hat—striped red silk stockings—shoes and buckles..

CAPTAIN GOBBLE.—Military blue frock coat—white trouser—big belly—Logic hat—quizzing-glass—Wellington boots.

MR. LISSOM.—Paul-Pry-cut black coat—tight black pantaloons—speckled stockings—shoes—quizzical hat.

PROMPTER.—Brown coat—buff waistcoat—white trousers—shoes—striped stockings.

MR. ALLBUT.—Blue surtout—black velvet waistcoat—white trousers—shoes—round hat.

FRISAC.—*First dress* : Striped pink jacket—buff tights—pink striped socks—shoes and latchets—white apron, with two pockets. *Second dress* : Large travelling French-cut green coat, with several capes—hessian boots—very high hat. *Third dress* : Fashionable green coat—striped waistcoat—quizzing-glass—shoes and latchets.

THOMAS TROT.—*First dress* : White livery and silver lace coat—waistcoat—black velvet breeches—boots. *Second dress* : Ibid, with stockings and shoes.

A LION.—A lion's skin and head.

A WILD BOAR.—A wild boar's skin and head.

CAPTAIN of the ENGLISH STEAMER.—Blue coat—white waistcoat and trousers—Wellington boots—round hat.

STEWARD of the FRENCH STEAMER.—Blue jacket—white waistcoat—blue striped trousers—foraging-cap.

WAITER.—Claret-coloured coat—buff waistcoat—gray trousers.

FOOTMAN.—White livery.

POLICE OFFICER.—Single-breasted blue coat, with military buttons—blue pantaloons—Wellington boots—cocked hat.

COMMISSIONER.—Blue jacket—striped trousers—red waistcoat—foraging-cap.

GENSD'ARMES.—Blue military coats, turned up with red—large cocked hats—white pantaloons—large boots—cross belts, and swords.

VISCOUNTESS VOLATIL.—*First dress* : Fashionable white dress. *Second dress* : Green frock coat—white waistcoat—buff small-clothes—top boots—round hat. *Third dress* : Blue jacket and trousers—hat and feathers. *Fourth dress* : A pink domino. *Fifth dress* : The same as the first.

CORALY.—In the extreme of fashion—white satin body—short petticoats, with abundance of roses—necklaces—bracelets.

ROSE.—Pink striped muslin dress—green French apron, with pockets—French head-dress—striped silk stockings—green shoes.

ANNETTE.—White muslin dress, striped with blue and pink satin ribbon—French muslin apron—bracelets—necklaces.

SALLY TROT.—Chintz gown—red petticoat—white apron—kerchief—cap—black shoes.

MADL DE ST. JULIENNE.—White satin, in extreme of fashion.

OLD WOMAN.—Old-fashioneud gown—pink quilted petticoat—high cap, with ribbons—white muslin apron—kerchief—ruffles—fan—high-heeled shoes.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, 1830.

<i>Viscount Volatil</i>	Mr. Elliott.
<i>Lord George Freakly</i>	Mr. C. J. Smith.
<i>Honourable Frederick Froth</i>	Mr. B. Hill.
<i>Count Fripon</i>	Mr. Philip.
<i>Captain Gobble</i>	Mr. Gallott.
<i>Mr. Lissom, an English Actor</i>	Mr. J. Reeve.
<i>Mr. Allbut, Manager of the English Company</i>	Mr. S. Smith.
<i>in Paris</i>	
<i>Prompter</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Jean Jacques François Antigone Hypolite Fri-sac, Operator on Hair, Brevete du Lor, et Peruguier en Chef to the Academie Royal de Musique</i>	Mr. Yates.
<i>Thomas Trot, Lord Volatil's Coachman</i>	Mr. Wilkinson.
<i>A Lion</i>	Mr. Morris.
<i>Members of the Corps de Ballet</i>	
<i>A Wild Boar</i>	Mr. Fry.
<i>of the A. R. M.</i>	
<i>Captain of the English Steam-Boat</i>	Mr. Morris.
<i>Steward of the French do.</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Waiter</i>	Mr. Sanders.
<i>Footman</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Police Officer</i>	Mr. Buxton.
<i>Commissioner</i>	Master Kelly.
<i>Viscountess Volatil</i>	Mrs. Yates.
<i>Coraly, Première Danseuse of l'Academie</i>	Miss Taylor.
<i>Rose, her Suivante</i>	Mrs. Hughes.
<i>Annette, Danseuse</i>	Miss Barnett.
<i>Sally Trot, Cook at Lord Volatil's, and Wife of Thomas Trot</i>	Mrs. Daly
<i>Madl. De St. Julianne, an nprejudiced Female</i>	
<i>Old Woman</i>	
<i>Actors, Opera-Singers, and Dancers, Gens-d'armes, Pompiers, Pea-ants, Sailors, Servants, Waiters, Passengers, Spectators, &c.</i>	

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

PARIS AND LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—General View of Paris from the Road to Versailles.—Coraly's Villa, L. S. E.

Enter PEASANTS, at various entrances, one by one.

ROUND and CHORUS of PEASANTRY,

The sun is up ! the hills are bright,
The waves are leaping in the light,
The mists have left the vale ;
To labour, then, with merry hearts
Until again the sun departs,
And western skies grow pale.

[*Exeunt Peasants, L. U. E.*

Enter ROSE with a letter, from the Villa, L. S. E.

Rose. [Advancing.] Yes, madam, I'll give it him immediately—more mysteries ! I mustn't go into her room now, she has got somebody with her there, I'm sure,—I can't think what's come to my mistress—I used to be told every thing, now I'm told nothing, and that's very provoking, because it makes me peep about, and watch, and listen, and ask questions, till anybody would think I was dying of curiosity ! Now, this is the third letter from Viscount Volatil which she has returned unopened ; so much, too, as I should like to know the style of an English love-letter ! I must and will have just a little peep ! [Squeezing the note and looking in at the side.] Um, um, um' ; I can make out some of it.

SONG.—ROSE.

“ Broken heart !
Cupid's dart !”
Come there's nothing new in that !
“ Love till death !
Latest breath !”
Very stale, and very flat.
“ Carriage, servants, house in town !”
Come, that reads a little better.
“ Fifteen hundred guineas down !”
Ah ! that's something like a letter !

Enter THOMAS TROT, R.

Tho. Oh ! there you are ; well, am I to have an answer or not, Mrs. Rose ? for I can tell you it's cursed cold here, and I've been waiting half an hour, and more.

Rose. (c.) There it is, Thomas.

Tho. (R. c.) Yes ; there it is, indeed ! my master's letter, justas he sent it—why, this is the third time that—

Rose. It's very true, Thomas.

Tho. What a rage he will be in ; he sent me for luck, I believe, as our new boy, William, had brought him back his two last, unopened ; he thought my figure and manners, I suppose, would make some impression, but it seems all the same thing to her who brings 'em.

Rose. Your figure and manners, indeed ! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha !

Tho. Well, what do you laugh at ? I should like to see any of your queer French foreigneering jarvies that were fit to buckle the shoes of a clean, respectable looking English nobleman's coachman, like me—look at my tout-ensemble—why, you couldn't make such a wig as this in France, though you are a nation of barbers.

Rose. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! well, no offence to you or your wig, but, if my mistress were to be influenced by the messenger, she certainly would pay most attention to such a spruce little ambassador as William ! the model of a natty little English jockey, the sort of servant that all our young fellows of fashion are dying to see hanging behind their cabriolets : but, to return to your master, you say he will be furious.

Tho. Ay ! you may take your oath of that, Mistress Rose ! odsbodikins ! I shouldn't wonder if the sight of this letter didn't drive him to—

Rose. To what ? For heaven's sake.

Tho. To drinking half a dozen of champagne at least, this very evening.

Rose. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! Is that all ? So, that's the way he gives vent to his despair ?

Tho. Always, bless you ! I remember, the day he first seed your mistress, he said to me, " Thomas," says he ; I was the only servant with him then—" Thomas," says he, " yes, sir," says I ; " I'm in love," says he,—he and I are very familiar,—" I'm in love," says he, " yes, sir," says I ; " a French Wenus !" says he, " such eyes !

such a figure ! such a foot—Thomas, bring me a bottle of campagne."

Rose. Well, but that was in his delight.

Tho. Yes, but then the next day—"Thomas," says he, "that cruel creature cut me, to-day ; I'm sure she saw me, and yet she never returned my bow ; hem ! nation," says he, "Thomas ! bring me two bottles of champagne !" and the other day, bless you, when William brought back the second letter, unopened, he stamped, and raved, and called for a whole dozen.

Rose. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! poor gentleman ! I shall begin to think my mistress is bribed by the wine-merchant.

Tho. Ah ! she's a great deal to answer for ! in some of his despairing fits he goes and asks twenty people to dine with him at the Cofy de Paris, or at that t'other place—Gridirons—what d'y'e call it.

Rose. Grignons.

Tho. Ah ! Grinnings, that's the name ; I've known it to cost him thirty or forty pounds of an evening.

Rose. Poor gentleman ! what he must suffer.

Tho. Oh, no tongue can tell, Mrs. Rose ! But I wonder what my lady in England would say, if she knew the wagaries we've been playing here ? Ods, bodikins ! I know my wife Sally is werry suspicious of me.

Rose. Well, but you forget your master is waiting for you.

Tho. Law ! ah ! so he is, but it doesn't signify ; he and I are werry familiar, and I waits for him, often and often, I'm sure—I wish you a very good morning, Mrs. Rose—gad ! I say, if my old Sally were to know as how I've been chattering to such a pretty girl as you all this time—eh ! od'sbodikins ! what a rowing I should get.

Rose. Well, well ; go, do—tiresome fellow !

Tho. Yes ; but I say, Mrs. Rose, as there's only you and I, and nobody by, and the old woman's on the other side of the herring-pond—eh !

Rose. Eh, what ?

Tho. Why, suppose you were to give us a buss, you know.

Rose. A buss ! what's a buss ?

Tho. Why a—law, there's no harm in that ; it's a mere bagatelle—you know well enough, eh ! I say, like master like man, as we say.

Rose. Keep off, fellow ! [Pushing him away.] Kiss a coachman, indeed !

Tho. Wo, ho, backing ! you'll break the splinter bar ! bless my sister's old shoes ! how proud we are.

Enter FRISAC, R. U. E.

Fri. Rage ! fury ! despair ! [Coming furiously between them.] Sir, you shall give me de satisfaction !

Tho. You ! who the devil are you ?

Fri. Sir, I am Jean Jacques François Antigone Hy-polite de Frisac, operator on hair, peruquier en chef to the Academie Royal de Musique ! the very devoted humble servant of Mam'selle Rose de la Jacqueline here present, and your eternal, mortal, and implacable enemy.

Tho. Phoo ! comb my wig—there's a bounce for a barber.

Fri. Barber ! repeat that odious appellation, and by the shade of my immortal ancestor, who tended the beautiful tresses of the incomparable Ninon de L'Enclos, I'll run my curling-irons through the left lobe of your liver.

Tho. Tuzzey vow, monsieur—I tell you what : I never fights with anything but fair fistes, and you know well enough in this precious dispotical country, one can't give a body a comfortable black eye, without getting put in an uncomfortable black hole ; so, as far as jabbering goes, you may swagger away, safely : but only just put them there curling-tongs an inch nearer, and burn my best wig, if I don't drive my poles slap through your pannels !—Kiss a coachman, indeed ! what would my old woman say, if she was to know that anybody could give her Thomas the go-by, for a finikin French, frog-eating, puffing, powder-monkey—pooh, pooh, pooh !

[Exit, R.

Fri. Powder-monkey ! spirit of Brutus, whose sacred curls I have immortalized ! this must be washed out in blood !

Rose. Nonsense, my dear Frisac ; soap-suds are much more in your way, now-a-days ; phlebotomy has long ceased to form a branch of your respectable profession.

Fri. And you, too, mademoiselle ! has an English coachman driven four-in-hand over the pavè of your heart, overturned your affections, and dislocated the inside hopes of your adoring Frisac.

Rose. Is it not enough, sir, to suspect my constancy,

but you must also libel my taste? When will you conquer this silly jealousy?

Fri. Exquisite Rose! it is gone! and Hypolite Frisac lives only for love and ambition.

Rose. Ambition!

Fri. Ay, ambition! what were a hair-dresser without thee? Yes! adorable Mademoiselle de la Jacqueline! ambition, not that paltry ambition which seeks only personal aggrandizement, without reference to the general good! but that nobler kind, which inspired the ancient Greek and Roman patriots: I hear its call, I hasten to obey, great as is the sacrifice, excruciating as will be my torments; the interests of France, the glory of my dear country, demand that for a short time I should leave you!

Rose. Leave you! why, where on earth are you going?

Fri. Over the wide ocean—that is across the channel.

Rose. To England!

Fri. To Great Britain; I would comb, cut, and cure the toupés of the three kingdoms! I would spread the light of science across the sea! I would hurry “the march of intellect,” from pole to pole! [Crossing to L.] Having established our infinite superiority in the art I have the honour to profess, I will return, laden with guineas, and the gratitude of millions of my fellow creatures, whose heads I shall have adorned, and whose eyes I shall have opened, and fling myself, my wealth, and all my laurels at the feet of the loveliest of her sex.

[Kneels.]

Rose. The man’s mad! And when do you set out upon this sacrifice and patriotic expedition?

Fri. To-morrow’s morning. [Rises.] To-night I must be in attendance at the Odeon Theatre; where, for the benefit of a deserving artist, not only the élite of the Française, the Academy, and the Boulevards are assembled, but the English actors have offered their gratuitous services.

Rose. Yes; and my mistress, I know, is to dance her famous *pas seul*. [Crossing to L.] I hear her, I must away. We shall meet to-night at the Theatre.

[Exit Rose into the villa, L. S. E.

Fri. Adieu, charmante! As soon as I have arranged the coiffures of the performers in the last piece, we will take our heart-rending farewell. I shall rush to my magazin, prepare for my journey, and the rising sun

will behold Jean Jacques François Antigone Hypolite de Frisac in the compé of the Paris diligence, Rue Notre Dames des Victories,—des Victories!—the omen is fortunate.

RECITATIVE and AIR.—FRISAC.

Yes, love with fame must share its throne,—
I run no recreant rigs;
My skill is in my shaving-shown,
My wisdom in my wigs!

AIR.

Oh, 'tis a glorious sight to see
A first-rate Parisian perouquier,
As over a forehead his fingers go,
The ringlets ranging in the long long row.
Joy to the beau of White's and Long's!
Conquest sits on his curling-tongs;
Joy to the girls of Albion's Isle!
Their hair will be dress'd in the true French style.
Harkye, he comes! The coiseur see,
Who has turned the heads of all Paris!
For the ball, the rout prepare!
Bow to my skill, rebellious hair!
Belles, in measure soft and sweet,
Sing the praise of Hypolite.

[Exit, l.]

SCENE II.—*A Saloon in the Villa.*

Enter CORALY, l., and LADY VOLATIL, in a hat, cloak, and veil.

Cor. (c.) Your ladyship may rely upon my attention to these instructions.

Lady V. (l. c.) I think I may. Indeed, short as my acquaintance has been, I have found in Mademoiselle Coraly a candour which, I must confess, I was uncharitable enough to imagine could not have existed in the atmosphere of a Theatre.

Cor. Alas, madam, you were not singular in your opinion! I am a very weak, and, perhaps, a partial advocate, but I would ask those rigid moralists and self-elected censors who proclaim acting and infamy inseparable, to look around them, and, if the greater temptations to which we are exposed may not be our excuse, to name a profession with which scandal is equally busy, against which prejudice is so inveterately directed.

Lady V. [Aside.] Bless me, what a tirade from an opera-dancer! But there is, nevertheless, some truth in her observations.

Cor. You smile at my vehemence, madam, and I am to blame, perhaps, for indulging in it in your presence, but your ladyship has, unfortunately, in the person of your own husband, a proof of the justice of my remark : Viscount Volatil, an English gentleman, who would consider his family disgraced by the mere acquaintance of an actress, though her humble birth and her profession were the only crimes of which he could accuse her, and laugh to scorn the idea of making her his wife, does not hesitate to persecute her with daily embassies, to insult her with daily proposals—the worthy object of which is to sink her to the received level of her cast, and form another instance of notorious depravity, to be quoted in censure of the stage, over his own Burgundy.

Lady V. It is my hope to awaken him to a sense of his cruelty and injustice. It is for this purpose I have sought Paris, and, in the disguise of a footboy, track'd his steps through a wilderness of folly and dissipation. I still cling to the fond hope that his conduct is the result of a thoughtless head, and not of a corrupted heart—of the freedom of foreign manners, innocent in themselves, but dangerous in their effects on the English constitution, and of the counsel and example of the profligates and adventurers with which his rank and fortune have surrounded him ; with your assistance, I trust soon to break the charm. If our project succeed, this very night may end—You think I may depend upon your waiting-maid ?

Cor. Certainly. I will speak to her immediately.

Lady V. I availed myself of the momentary fit of passion into which your return of his second note had thrown him, to procure a passport for himself and suite, so that there is nothing to detain us, provided he swallows the bait. But I must hasten and resume my disguise, or he will wonder what has become of me. So, farewell, for the present. I am bound, you know, to patronize theatricals for the future, for I am become an actress myself.

Cor. And a distinguished one, to judge from your personation of the footboy.

Lady V. Why, having escaped the detection of Lord Volatil, I think I may flatter myself, and the success of my first attempt will embolden me in my future assump-

tions. Once more, farewell ! and remember my instructions.

[Pulls her veil down, wraps her cloak closely round her, and exit, R.

Cor. Open the door, Rose, and then come to me.

Rose. [Without, R.] Yes, mademoiselle.

Cor. She is a charming woman ! Lord Volatil must be mad to neglect so lovely and affectionate a wife.

Enter ROSE, R.

Cor. Well, Rose, you returned the letter ?

Rose. Yes, madam.

Cor. Lord Volatil, I understand, exasperated by his continued repulses, has found some one who is to introduce him behind the scenes to-night, at the Odeon, when I am to dance ; and where, of course, he imagines I shall not be able to avoid him.

Rose. [Running to the window, L. S. E.] See, madam, yonder goes his carriage.

Cor. Surely, he will not have the confidence to present himself here again ?

Rose. Oh, no ; it turns the other way. And there's a lady in it.

Cor. A lady !—So there is ; 'tis Madame St. Julien. I know the woman well. [Aside.] Mercy on us ! what will Lady Volatil say to that ? [Aloud.] And this man would make me believe he was dying in love with me, too, and driven to despair by my rejection of his suit.

Rose. Oh, yes, madam,—his despair is droll enough, to be sure ; the coachman was giving me a pretty description of it. It drives him to give gay dinner-parties, and drink dozens of Champagne.

Cor. Oh, these men, these men !

Rose. Oh, these men, these men !

Cor. Rose, have you any objection to put a handsome sum of money in your pocket ?

Rose. Me, madam ? Dear me !—no, no objection in life, madam,—that is,—I hope in an honest way.

Cor. I am not the person to recommend any other to you. [Bell rings without, R.] But see who rings.

Rose. Yes, madam. [Goes out, R., and returns immediately.] Mr. Lissom, madam, the English actor.

Cor. Show him in, and afterwards go to my boudoir. I will then speak further with you.

Enter *Lissom*, who gives his hat to *Rose*.—Exit *Rose*, R.

Lis. (R. c.) Mademoiselle Coraly, your most obedient, very humble servant. Walking this way, did myself the honour to call.

Cor. (c.) Most happy at all times to receive a visit from so distinguished an artist.

Lis. You're too good—you are, really—you do me proud—'pon my honour, you do; indeed, our reception by the French nation generally, has been of a most gratifying description.

Cor. We have but endeavoured to return the compliment already paid to our performers in England; and, even setting that aside, talent is of all countries; and Paris has hastened to express its admiration of British genius, and to bury its ancient prejudices beneath the shrine of Shakspeare.

Lis. Well, that's quite correct,—just as it should be. And so you really do like us a little! Ah, bless you! there are some uncommonly clever fellows amongst us, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, but do say it, and will say it, and don't say it for the sake of saying it, but I must say it. Dear me! if you were just to drop in at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, one of these nights, or at a snug little shop in the Strand, called the Adelphi—when it was kept by Terry and Company, I used to call it *Terry firma*, and yet that's not quite correct, neither, for they're often at sea there. You see, the actors go to sea, and the people come to see,—don't you see? Bless their hearts! they've got an ocean eighteen feet square,—I can't call it the Pacific Ocean, it wabbles about so,—such a natural swell—makes you quite queer to look at it.

Cor. Pray, amonst your countrymen here, do you know Lord Volatil?

Lis. Viscount Volatil?—To be sure, I do; I'm to dine with him this very day, bless you! at the Café de Paris, and have promised to take him behind the scenes in the evening.—My last performance here, you know.

Cor. So I am sorry to understand. But pray tell me, what sort of a person is Lord Volatil?

Lis. Oh, a first-rater! a high fellow! does the thing in style, I can assure you.

Cor. That I can imagine; but I have heard it whispered he is leading a sad life here.

Lis. A sad life! ah, that means too merry a one, I suppose?

Cor. For a married man, certainly.

Lis. Ah—oh, I see—married—why, as to the ladies, I believe—betwixt you and I, he is not quite correct; and it's a thousand pities, too, for Lady Volatil is by all accounts one of the nicest little women you ever set eyes on: but really in Paris there are so many temptations for us handsome dogs, that if I wasn't the most correct man in the world, I—'pon my honour, I really wouldn't be answerable with Mrs. L. for the consequences. But, Mademoiselle Coraly, to return to our mutton, as they say here, you really should visit England.

Cor. I trust soon to have that pleasure—in the meanwhile, I congratulate myself upon my acquaintance with one of the greatest ornaments of its drama.

Lis. Meaning me! [Aside.] Ma conscience, my dear madam, your overpower me! Is there anything I can do to oblige you?

SONG—LISSOM.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or like a fairy trip upon the green;
 Or like a saint, with black and lanky hair,
 Rout for an hour behind a screen.
 Should you upbraid, and think in that I fail,
 I'll sing as sweetly as the nightingale.
 Say that you frown, I'll answer with a smile,
 And dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Boulivart Italien, and Exterior of the Café de Paris seen through the windows in the flat—the rooms brilliantly lighted for parties dining at various tables—Waiters in motion, &c.—one table unoccupied, in the most prominent window, R. 4th E.—the door leading to interior—an old Woman is placing six or seven chairs on the boulivart across from R. 3rd E. to L. 3rd E.*

Enter CAPTAIN GOBBLE, L. 8. E.

Capt. G. I'm out of patience—[*Looking at his watch.*] Only half-past four, and nearly dark—days are drawing in fast—it never will be dinner-time.

Enter the HONOURABLE FREDERIC FROTH, R.

Froth. (R.) Ah, Gobble, how do? how do?

Capt. G. How are you, Froth?—Have you seen anything of Volatil?

Froth. Yes, he'll be here presently: left him and the St. Julienne at the diorama—fine animal the St. Julienne—wish she didn't eat so much—I'm quite of Lord Byron's opinion—it's a most disgusting thing to see a woman eat—indeed, I think eating altogether a very vulgar amusement—all sorts of creatures eat—it's quite a bore.

Capt. G. 'Gad! I never find it a bore; I could eat all day long: I'm cursed hungry now, and don't care how soon I have my dinner.

Froth. Your what! your dinner at five o'clock! I wonder you don't dine before you get up. I wouldn't dine before nine, to be made an emperor—nobody dines before nine.

Capt. G. But we're going to the play, you know.

[*Turns up and sits down on last chair, L. 3rd E.*

Froth. To the play! what a bore! and so vulgar—nobody goes to the play! Why, Gobble, my dear fellow, can I believe my glass?—Positively, the man is sitting on one chair!

Capt. G. On one chair; why, I can't sit upon two at the same time, can I?

Froth. I vow to Gad, if I ever laughed, I should split! Take a few more, man, or I must really cut your acquaintance.

[*Draws three or four chairs about him, and lounges on them.*

Enter LORD VOLATIL, R. S. E.

Lord V. Ah, you are there, Gobble! where's Fripon and Lissom?

Capt. G. Hav'nt seen them. Hope you won't wait.

Lord V. [To Froth.] Fred, will you dine with us?

Froth. Spare my feelings, my dear viscount; I am petrified at finding you patronize such vandalism.

[*Pays the woman for chairs.*

Lord V. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! why, I confess it's not the thing, but I do it on Lissom's account: he acts you know.

Froth. Serve you right for knowing such people; I wouldn't know anybody under a baronet, unless he was in the service.

Lord V. Oh, in Paris it doesn't signify; I shall cut 'em in town. Ah, here's the Count.

Enter COUNT FRIPON, with MADAME DE ST. JULIENNE, R.

Lord V. Count, take the lady—Gobble, do me a favour—go in and order dinner—that's my table—I'll follow you immediately.

[Gobble, Count Fripon, and Madame de St. Julianne go into the Café, at the door, R. 4th E., and seat themselves at the unoccupied table next the window—Waiters bring in champagne, ice, &c.]

Enter LADY VOLATIL, as WILLIAM, R. 3rd E.

Lady V. Carriage to wait, my lord ?

Lord V. No : I shall want the cabriolet at seven.

Lady V. Yes, my lord.

[Going.]

Lord V. Stop ! [The old Woman removes chairs.]

Froth. [Rising.] Good morning, viscount : shall we meet at the Salon ?

Lord V. I may look in, in the course of the evening ; but they used me cursedly last night—forty thousand francs, by Gad ! [In a half whisper.]

Froth. Forty thousand francs ! pay the people.

[Exit Froth, L.]

Lord V. [Taking a letter from his pocket.] Let that letter go to the ambassador's to-morrow, for England, William.

[Giving it to Lady Volatil.]

Lady V. Yes, my lord ; your lordship's passport is quite ready.

Lord V. Passport ! what for ?

Lady V. You told me, the day before yesterday, my lord, to get it vised for England.

Lord V. To England, indeed ! pho ! that was in a momentary fit of passion. What, quit enchanting Paris, and the pursuit of Coraly, for dull, dingy, smoky London, and a tête-à-tête with Lady Volatil—not while I can help it : but it does not signify—the passport is ready, and, if two or three more such nights at the Salon should oblige me to go home and do the quiet, I shall have nothing to stop me.

Capt. G. [From the window.] Come, viscount, here are the oysters !

Lord V. And here's Lissom.

Enter LISSOM, R.

Come, Lissom, we're waiting for you.

Lis. That's not at all correct, your lordship ; I'm quite shocked.

Lord V. Entrez ! entrez !

[*Lord Volatil and Lissoom* go into the *Café*, and seat themselves in sight at the unoccupied window, R. U. E.

Lady V. [Looking at the address of the letter.] "Viscountess Volatil, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London."—More excuses, no doubt—he little thinks his letters come so soon to hand. [Opening it and reading.] "My dearest Fanny—Business of the utmost importance threatens to detain me a few weeks longer in this detestable place."—Bravo, hypocrite ! "Believe me, you cannot regret more deeply than I do our prolonged separation. I am perfectly miserable here—[A loud burst of laughter from *Lord Volatil* and party.] Very miserable, indeed ! "I never go out but by compulsion, and cannot discover, for the soul of me, what our countrymen see in this comfortless city to delight them. The streets are filthy, the men vulgar, the women perfectly hideous, and, as to economy, I find it ten times dearer than London. If you have not been very gay this season, perhaps you have a hundred or two you can lend me, as I have overdrawn old Discount. Direct as before, and believe me ever your faithful and affectionate—**VOLATIL.**"—Oh, the mirror of fidelity ! but I'll punish him for this. [Four *Gens-d'Armes* pass across.] But the doors of the theatre will shortly open, and much remains to be done. I must hasten back to *Coraly's* to learn the decision of *Rose*—without her assistance my plan is hopeless. [Another burst of laughter from *Lord Volatil's* party.] Hark at my poor melancholy husband ! it will be quite a charity to put him out of his misery.

[Exit, R.—a general laugh as the scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*Place de L'Odeon—Night.*

Enter *FRISAC* and *ROSE*, L.

Fri. I am to give this to the English director.

Rose. Yes ; be sure you do not forget it, now : it is a certificate that my mistress is so ill she can't dance to-night.

Fri. Ah, Mademoiselle de la Jacqueline ! your poor *Frisac*, he will be ill to-morrow—worse the next day ! and dead the third ! He will never be able to survive the separation.

Rose. Oh, I warrant you, you will fall in love with some English fair one, and soon forget poor *Rose*.

Fri. Impossible ! but you, mademoiselle ! Monsieur Thomas Trot, de coachman—eh ! hah !

Rose. What ! jealous again ?

Fri. Pardon me ! I hate that Monsieur Trot—I wish he was in de galloping consumption—he will get whip-hand of your heart—he will drive you into matrimony, and me to despair.

Rose. Matrimony ! nonsense ! the man's married already. He's always talking about his old woman.

Fri. Ah, but when there is a young woman in the way, and the old woman is out of the way—

Rose. How can you be so silly, Frisac ?—D'ye think I could ever tolerate such a lover as Thomas Trot ?—Go and deliver that letter, it's time the director should know of the disappointment—farewell ! bon voyage !

Fri. Ah, Mademoiselle Rose, one parting embrace ! one chaste salute adieu !—Be constant—chassez Monsieur Thomas Trot ! and, above all things, I have one thing to tell you : do not put oil of roses in your hair, but use 'eau spiritual Surnommel Phenomine, patronized by Monseigneur, the minister of the interior, and sold only by the king's perfumer, No. 319, Rue St. Honorè. Adieu ! adieu ! [They again embrace at parting.] Ah ! vat a charmante girl she vas.

[*Exeunt* Frisac, R., Rose, L.]

SCENE V.—*A Diagonal View of the Stage of the Odeon is seen through the wings—the proscenium boxes, L.—at the end of the float a section of the audience and part of the theatre is visible—Musicians behind the scenes, R. U. E—as the curtain rises, the characters engaged in the last scene of “Il Barbiere de Seviglia,” are ranged in their proper situations, singing the finale to the supposed public—as soon as it terminates, the sham curtain falls, amidst applause from behind, and the characters advance through the wings to the front of the real stage.*

Prompter. [Entering, R.] Clear for the ballet !

Enter LISSOM and VISCOUNT VOLATIL, R.

Lis. Opera over ?

Pro. This moment, sir.

Lis. Just in time, my lord : your lordship will excuse me—I must go and dress.

Lord V. Pray don't—let me detain you a moment.

Lis. [Aside to him.] Here come some of the figurantes—legs, my lord—eh! “ma conscience!”

Enter several of the *Corps de Ballet*, L.

Lord V. [Aside.] I see nothing of Coraly.

Lis. Pretty girl, little Annette there, I assure you. Shall I introduce your lordship?

Enter ANNETTE, dressed for the ballet, in the character of Minerva, with a shawl round her, and followed by an Old Woman, R.

Ann. Mamma, take my shawl, and keep it for me at the wing. [Giving it to the Old Woman, R.

Lis. Good evening to the Goddess of Wisdom! Permit me to introduce to your divinityship Viscount Volatil.

Ann. My lord, quite enchanted.

{Cuts a caper, and crosses, L.

Lis. Ah! there's an entré chat for you, my lord!

[Exit, R.

Lerd V. A great house, this evening, mademoiselle.

Ann. O yes, my lord, there ought to be: Rossini's “Barbiere,” a new ballet, composed for the purpose, from the story of Telemachus, and an act of an English comedy—great attraction.

Lord V. You forget that Mademoiselle Coraly also dances her celebrated *pas seul*.

Ann. [With a disdainful toss of the head.] Oh, to be sure; Mademoiselle Coraly is all the rage now-a-days—nobody can dance but Mademoiselle Coraly, just because she gives herself such airs, and is so reserved and so prudish, and won't receive a visit or a present from any gentleman, not even from the young Russian Prince, who is always behind the scenes at the opera.

Lord V. [Aside.] Phew! I've touched an awkward cord here, I find. [Aloud.] And so you have a new ballet to-night?

Ann. Yes; La Chasse D' Antiope—I am Minerva, there is Telamachus, there Antiope, and here comes my brother, who plays the Wild Boar that attacks her.

Enter THE WILD BOAR, L.

Lord V. Ah, your brother's a boar, is he?

Ann. Yes; and my father's some other beast, but I don't know what: O—a lion—I recollect—there he is—

Enter THE LION, L.

Papa, Lord Volatil.

Lion. Proud to make your acquaintance, my lord.
[To the Boar.] Philip, have you any snuff?

Boar. I've left my box in my coat-pocket.

Lord V. [Offering his own.] Will you do me the pleasure?

Lion. [Crossing, and taking a pinch.] Excellent. [Sneezes.]

Ann. Bless you, papa.

Lion. Affectionate child.

[Kisses her.]

Enter LADY VOLATIL, as William, with a note, R. S. E.

Lady V. [Aside, and keeping out of his sight.] There is my precious spouse!

Lord V. [Aside,] She's really a very pretty little girl! [Looking at Annette.] And, I'll be sworn, not unkind.—Allons essayons! [Whispers and flirts up L., with Annette.]

Lady V. At his old tricks again, I declare! was there ever such a Giovanni?—I wonder how he will receive the news I have for him here.

Lord V. Remember, now—[To Annette.] on Sunday we go to Montmorenci—it's perfectly understood.

Ann. Oh, certainly, my lord. [Goes up, c., practising.]

Enter ALLBUT, with a certificate, R., followed by LISSOM, dressed for Mawworm.

All. Here's a pretty business!

Omnes. What's the matter?

All. Mademoiselle Coraly is very ill—she can't dance her pas seul.

Lord V. Coraly! confusion! will she not be here, then?

All. Impossible! she keeps her bed—here is a certificate.

Lis. Why, I saw her to-day myself about four o'clock, and she was very well then.

All. Oh, bless you, that's nothing; you ought to know how suddenly these ladies can be taken ill. There must be an apology.

Lis. Who's to speak it?

All. If you would do me the favour—

Lis. Me! ma conscience! address a foreign audience!

[Treads on the Lion's tail.]

Lion. [Attempting in vain to walk away.] I beg your pardon, but you're treading on my tail.

Lis. Prodigious!

All. Well, I suppose I must do it myself. [Noise without of stamping and clapping of hands, R. U. E.] Hark! they are getting impatient! begin the overture.

[*The Musicians begin tuning their instruments, R. U. E.*

Lady V. A note, my lord—[*Aside to him.*] From Madame Coraly.

Lord V. Coraly! [Opens it hastily, and reads.]

Lady V. [*Aside.*] Now for it.

Lord V. [*Aside.*] What do I read?—Can it be possible? [Reading.] “The illness of Coraly is but feigned—she has considered your proposals, and has at last decided. If you love her as sincerely as you pretend, you will instantly depart for England—at Abberville, where the diligence stops, you will find a lady waiting your arrival, who will lead you to happiness, on this condition, that you will not speak to her, or lift her veil, till you have crossed the channel”—Rapture! ecstasy!

Lady V. [*Aside.*] He bites, I do believe.

Lord V. How fortunate that my passport is ready! Run, William, order post-horses for Calais immediately.

Lady V. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] We have him.

[*Exit, R. S. E.*

FINALE.

Omnes. What's to be done?

Allbut. What shall I say?

Omnes. How these tidings will distress them!

Allbut. Up with the curtain—ounds! here goes.

Prompter. Clear the stage—

Allbut. I must address them—

They'll be angry, I suppose?

Omnes. Courage! courage! never fear,

Kindness always greets us here.

[*In the middle of this chorus, the sham curtain rises—Allbut goes forward and bows, and the act-drop falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*La Place Calais.*CHORUS—*Of Fish and Market Women, R. and L.*

Hark to the chimes ! calling betimes
 All to their labours, on sea or on shore,
 Still, as they ring, seeming to sing,
 La Rose ! la Rose ! la Rose d'amour !

Fis. Hence, to the boat ! o'er the billows we'll float,
 Till the beacon-lamp wheels, yonder turret above,
 One moment so bright, the next hidden from sight,
 Shifting for ever, like false woman's love.

Girl. No, brother, no ! never say so ;
 Yet, of our love 'tis no bad counterpart,—
 For in darkness it burns, and wherever it turns,
 Comfort it brings to the way-farer's heart.

Cho. Hark, the chimes, &c.
 [Exeunt, L.

Enter LORD VOLATIL, followed by THOMAS, R.

Lord V. (c.) William gone, you say ? And without his wages ?

Tho. (R. c.) It's very rum, my lord ; isn't it ?

Lord V. Are you sure the rascal hasn't help'd himself ? Is there nothing missing ?

Tho. Not nothing, my lord.

Lord V. [Aside.] Humph ! strange enough, but I'm not sorry he has taken himself off on this side the water ; for the fellow knew a little too much, and might have let his tongue run, in the servant's hall. [Aloud.] Well, Thomas, and so you arrived this morning ?

Tho. Yes, my lord ; I came in yesterday, never dreaming of finding your lordship, till I heard that 'ere postillion chap say, about an hour ago, as how he'd driven your lordship to Dassing's, last night,

Lord V. Well, as you are here, you shall cross with me ; so, go and see the luggage on board. The steam-boat will sail in half an hour.

Tho. Yes, my lord. [Exit Thomas, L.

Lord V. [Noise without.] Eh ! why, surely those must be Froth and Gobble I see yonder—oh, yes ! there's no mistaking the precious pair.

[Exit Lord Volatil, L.—A Sailor crosses with luggage from L. to R.

Enter **FROTH** and **CAPTAIN GOBBLE**, R., followed by the *Steward of the French Packet* and two *Sailors* with direction-cards, and **LADY VOLATIL**, as *Steward's Boy of the English*.

Lady V. Going to Dover, gentlemen? The *Spitfire* sails in half an hour, sir.

French Sailor. The French boat, *Charles X.*, sails at ten o'clock, sir—you will not be able to get your passports 'vised before.

Lady V. The gentlemen are going in the English packet; never you mind what that lubber says, gentlemen,—his boat wont sail to-day.

Froth. Stand off, you horrid men; **Gobble**, knock the fellow down?

Lady V. [To the French Steward.] Avast, there! don't you hear what the gentleman says? [To **Gobble**.] You go by the English boat, sir?

Capt. G. I'll go by no boat, till I've had my breakfast! I hav'nt made a comfortable meal these twelve hours, and if you sail in half an hour—

Lady V. Capital breakfast on board, sir—anything you like, and take your own time at it.

Capt. G. Odso! that's true.

Lady V. They never have anything to eat, on board the Frenchman, sir.

Capt. G. The devil they don't! I say, **Froth**, we'll go by the English boat; we ought to encourage our own countrymen.

[A sailor crosses from L. to R. with luggage, and another sailor at the same time goes to **Froth**.]

French S. [To **Froth**.] Sir, I give you my honour it is the English boat that cannot sail to-day; she broke one of her paddles coming in, yesterday.

Froth. Will nobody deliver me from these sea-monsters.

Re-enter **LORD VOLATIL**, advancing, L.

Lord V. Why, Fred, you seem discomposed.

Froth. You here, viscount? you will confer an eternal obligation on me, if you will keep these sea-dogs at a distance.

Lady V. [To **Lord Volatil**.] Your lordship will go by the *Spitfire*.

French S. The *Charles X.*, my lord, will sail in an hour.

Lord V. Go to the devil, sir; I told you last night I should go by the English boat; so will these gentlemen.

[*Exeunt the Sailors*, R.]

French S. Very well, sir, as you please—certainly—but—

Lady V. Come, sheer off, mounseer, that's enough; their honours are going by us—I'll see to your lordship's luggage. [Exit the French Steward, L.]

Capt. G. Ah, and I say, boy, order breakfast for me—I'm coming on board directly—tea, coffee, eggs, and, above all, a rump-steak.

Lady V. Yes, your honour. [Aside.] My plot works admirably; but I shall not feel safe till I see my gentleman on board. [Exit *Lady Volatil*, R.]

Froth. Aquatic russians! they have absolutely poisoned me!

Capt. G. Why, my lord, I thought you were in London by this time.

Lord V. I stayed a day at Abberville.

Capt. G. Hotel de l'Europe, of course—I know it well—capital house—devilish good table-d'hote—an excellent cook.

Lord V. Well, we've no time to lose, and so adieu. We shall meet again on board the steamer. [Exit, R.]

Capt. G. Ay, ay, I'm going now: that confounded Diligence never stopped time enough for me to get a decent mouthful; and last night at supper my appetite was quite gone—I could eat nothing at all.

Froth. Oh, positively nothing! for you—soup a la reine, a slice of broiled salmon, five maintenon cutlets, and two partridges a la Periquex—you must be quite starved this morning—I wish I'd asked you to eat those marine monsters—psha! I shall smell of fish for a month! If I could have prevailed upon myself to touch the villains, I would have reduced them to an impalpable powder.

Capt. G. Powder! give me currie powder! [Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*The Pier at Calais—steam-boat alongside—a French Sentinel walking to and fro—Passengers seen going on board, R.—Police stationed at the ladder, examining the passports—Commissioners, Frenchmen, and Spectators—Thomas standing on the edge of the pier looking into the packet, and directing Sailors respecting his luggage—the town of Calais in the distance.*

Tho. I say, my man! you sailor chap in the red night-

cap, don't you fling them there things about so higgledy piggledy ! Avast heaving ! as you say—oh, oh, crimine crikes ! there goes that 'ere trunk squash upon the band-box ! My Sally's new bonnet will be nine-bob-square before she gets it.

[Exit, R.

Enter PASSENGERS, R.—they present their passports, and exeunt into the boat.

Enter FRISAC, with a small trunk under his arm.

Fri. Courage, Frisac—this is a trying moment. Ah, France ! my beautiful country ! yonder is the curling-fluid that must soon divide us. O love ! O glory ! you shave me to the quick. But posterity shall confess I have deserved well of my nation. Here, on this spot, shall future travellers be told did our great monarch, Louis le Desiré, first place his respectable foot, when he returned to ascend the throne of his ancestors ; and here Jean Jacques François Antigone Hypolite de Frisac embark, on that memorable expedition so elegantly described in the *Petit Courier des Dames*.

[As he is about to go on board, the Officer of Police stops him, R.

Offi. Your passport and permission to embark.

Fri. Where have I put them ?—Ah ! there is the passport.

Offi. [Reading, and looking at Frisac.] “Calf’s head, pig’s feet, larded hare, and chops in papillotes.” The description is perfect.

Fri. Oh, pardon ! that’s the bill for my supper last night. Here is my passport, and there is the permission.

Offi. [Having examined them.] Good ; you can descend.

Fri. Farewell, my beloved compatriot.

[Frisac embraces the Police, and goes on board.

Enter FROTH and CAPTAIN GOBBLE, followed by a Commissioner, R.

Com. This way, gentlemen ! your luggage is all on board.

Froth. I vow to God ! yonder comes Volatil, with some woman. Who, in the name of fortune, can he have picked up in this horrid place ?

Capt. G. I don’t know, and I don’t care ; I want my breakfast, and I shall go and get it. The sea air always makes me so confoundedly hungry. [Goes on board.

Froth. I never knew the air that did not. Fortune

send us a quick passage, or that cormorant will not leave us a biscuit. Allow me to trouble you.

[*The two Police Officers lift him up, and he goes on board.*

Enter **LORD VOLATIL**, leading **ROSE**, closely veiled and cloaked, R.—**LADY VOLATIL** and **THOMAS** following, R.

Lady V. Now, my lord ; now, my lady. This way, your ladyship. [To Police.] Viscount Volatil and suite,—it's all right. [All descend, as on board

Tho. [Aside.] Is it ?—Buckle my shoes, if my lady'd say so, if she seed 'em ! I wonder my lord ben't ashamed to let me twig him galliwanting,—but he and I are very familiar, that's one thing, and he knows I never meddles nor makes, and that's another. Good by, whiskers.

[Follows *Lord Volatil, Rose, and Lady Volatil on board, L.*

Enter **LISSEOM**, hastily, R., with his handkerchief over his hat, and a comforter round his neck.

Lis. Ma conscience, but I'm just in time ! Stop, my most excellent friend ; the departure of that ladder would be a most inconvenient flight of stairs at the present moment. Come, that's not so bad, considering I'm in a hurry—is it, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em. I have the honour to present you this passport, 'vised by the proper authorities, and this permission from your worthy and respectable mayor to return to my own country, and, to use your own phraseology, I invite you to inspect it. Believe that, much as I admire French wines, French dishes, French ladies, and French leave, upon some occasions, my joy at setting foot in Old England again will be prodigious. [Goes on board.—MUSIC.—The scene closes.

SCENE III.—*The Cabin of the Packet.*

Enter **THOMAS**, R.

Tho. Well, here we are, all aboard, thick and three-fold—every body we know, seems to have come away, all together. There's the Honourable Mr. Froth smelling to his holy-colong bottle, on one side the vessel, and Captain Gobble, stuffing his ungodlies on the other ; then, there's that funny Mr. Lissom, the play-actor, talking in his queer rumble-cum-tumble way to all the sailors, and that jackanapes, Mounseer Frisac, peeping under all the women's poke-bonnets, and telling 'em as how the

sea-air'll take their locks out of curl ; unless they lets him titivate 'em up a bit—here he comes—if he gives me any of his sauce, I'll punch his eye, now there's none of them John D'aimys to take his part.

Enter FRISAC, R.

Fri. Sir, I have the honour to be your very humble servant.

Tho. That's more than I am your's, mounseer—so none of your French palaver. [Aside.] Come, that was very sharp of me, I think.—And if you have no more to say, I shall beg leave to ally-vous-ong. [Exit Thomas, L.]

Fri. He is my rival ! I hate him deadly ! I should like to shave him, if it was only for the pleasure of pulling his nose.

Enter LORD VOLATIL and ROSE, R.

Lord V. [Not noticing Frisac.] Nay, nay, I have kept my promise faithfully up to this moment. On our journey from Abberville, during our stay at Calais, I never addressed one word to you. But now, dearest Coraly, there can be no longer a reason for this silence—this mystery. You are now on board an English packet—you will shortly be on English ground. You have nothing to fear : let me, then, listen to that soul-thrilling voice, gaze once more upon those beautiful eyes,—upon my knees, sweet Coraly, I conjure !

Rose. [Lifting her veil.] You have your wish, my lord.

Lord V. Rose !

Fri. [Rushing forward.] Rose !—My Rose ! Horror ! madness !

Lord V. What means this impertinence ?

Fri. What means this perfidy ?

Rose. My Lord, I can explain.—Frisac, I am innocent !

Fri. Innocent ! Are you not on board an English steamer, with an English nobleman ? Torture ! Ill-fated Hypolite de Frisac, you have nothing to do but to take your hair out of papers, [Shows his head all over in papers.] that, like Julius Cæsar, you may die with decency, and then precipitate yourself into the fathomless ocean. [Exit Frisac, L.]

Rose. Frisac, don't be a fool !

Lord V. But what is the meaning of this ? Why are you here ?

Rose. I am here, my lord, by order of my mistress.

Lord V. Your mistress ! And with what design ?

Rose. She desired your absence from Paris.

Lord V. My absence ? Have I not a letter from her in her own handwriting that—confusion ! Has she been playing upon me ? or has some happier rival—But, no matter, I will return by the first boat that leaves Dover, hasten to Paris, insist on an interview—

Rose. With whom, my lord ? With whom ?

Lord V. With Coraly,—deceitful, proud, coquettish Coraly !

Rose. But suppose she should not be at Paris, my lord ?

Lord V. Not at Paris !—Where, then ?

Rose. Nay, I know not ; perhaps you may guess from this note. [Gives him a note.]

Lord V. [Tearing it open, and reading.] But one line.—

The woman who adores you, awaits you in London.” In London !—Coraly in London ! Rose, can this be possible ?

Rose. I have orders to join my mistress there.

Lord V. My dear, dear Rose, you restore me to happiness !—you—ugh ! [Embracing her.] You little angel, I could smother you with kisses.

Rose. [Struggling.] Softly, softly !

Enter LISSOM, R.

Lis. Eh ! Odso ! I beg pardon !—ma conscience !

[Exit hastily, R.]
Rose. Fie, my lord ! I shall lose my character.

Lord V. One moment ; when did your lady leave Paris ?

Rose. I won't tell you.

Lord V. She must have started some hours before me. And waiting for you at Abberville gave her additional time.

Rose. I know nothing about it.

Lord V. She cross'd yesterday, did she not ?

Rose. I'll answer no questions ; and I'll stay here no longer. You'll find my lady in London, and that's all I have to say on the subject.

Lord V. Delightful !

Rose. I must go and calm the ruffled spirits of my poor Frisac.

Lord V. Frisac ; he's food for fish, depend on it, by

this time,—“ precipitated into the fathomless ocean ;” he left us bent upon it.

Rose. Ah !—But I have a higher opinion of his prudence. Ugh ! Lud-a-mercy ! what's the matter ?

Re-enter LISSON, R.

Lis. Beg pardon, my lord ! I'm afraid I intruded just now ; but the fact is, that I thought you'd like to know—there's uncommonly bad weather coming on.

Rose. Oh, dear ! we shall all tumble to pieces !

Lis. Tumble to pieces, young lady !—I hope not ; that wouldn't be correct.—Bless me, you make me blush ! I—Eh !—Why, no—yes it is !—Prodigious ! Why, it's Miss Rose, Mam'selle Coraly's soubrette, as I live ! I say, my lord—what—eh—oh—hem ! I say nothing.

Rose. Oh, dear ! I don't feel well at all.

Lis. She's going to be unpleasant.

Lord V. Let me lead you to the ladies' cabin.

[*Exeunt Lord Volatil and Rose, L.*

Lis. Yes, this way, this way ;—steady she goes ! What a horrible roll ! Well, to be sure, it's all pleasant enough when it's over.

[*Reels as if with the roll of the boat, and, becoming sick, runs off hastily, L.*

SCENE IV.—*Deck of the Steamer—Moving Panoramic View from Calais to Dover, by various Painted Flats to the Scene—the Sky very dark—Sea running high—thunder and lightning.*

FROTH, GOBBLE, and FRISAC discovered, clinging to part of the rigging—the Captain of the boat and Sailors in motion—

LADY VOLATIL, as Steward's Boy, and Passengers—Lord Volatil's carriage on deck, being coach-door for side wing, with hind part only visible, L. first entrance.—*MUSIC, Malbrook.*

Froth. Captain.

Capt. Sir.

Froth. How much longer will it be before we get to Dover ?

Capt. About half an hour now, sir.

Froth. Half an hour, still ! You said a quarter of an hour, an hour ago.

Capt. G. Steward ! Steward !

Lady V. Sir.

Capt. G. Some brandy and water, and a biscuit.

Lady V. Yes, sir. Would you like the ham brought up again, sir?

Capt. G. No, no, confound you

Lady V. It isn't very fat, sir.

Capt. G. Brandy and water, I tell you!

[*Exeunt Steward's Boy, R. S. E.*]

Tho. [*Looking out of Lord Volatil's carriage-window.*] Oh, criminy crikes, I'm very ill!

[*Gobble, being discovered seated on a trunk beneath, looks up enraged at Thomas, wipes his bald head with his handkerchief, and hoists his umbrella.*]

Fri. I am exterminated!—But I rejoice, I exult in my annihilation! Perfidious Rose, the tempest is in unison with my feelings! I look upon that wild ocean, white and foaming, like a gigantic basinful of soapsuds; the sea is in a lather, and the wind as keen as a razor; but I will beard them in their wrath!

Re-enter LADY VOLATIL, with brandy and water and a biscuit, R.

Lady V. [*Running to Gobble.*] Brandy and water, sir. [*Frisac, who has attempted to move, falls against her, and the brandy and water is jerked into Froth's face.*]

Fro. O, dear! what's that? I'm drown'd! It's all over with us! That last wave has finished us. Gobble, we're all going. [Stage becomes progressively light.]

Gob. I'm glad of it.

Tho. Oh, dear! is the boiler burst, or the chimney o' fire? [*Comes out of the carriage.*] O, my poor Sally, I shall never see you no more.

Capt. Why, there's no danger, man,—the weather's clearing.

Capt. G. Froth, I should be very much obliged to you if you'd just be kind enough to throw me overboard.

Froth. It would give me the greatest pleasure, my dear Gobble, but really I havn't strength.

Capt. Take heart, gentlemen; we shall make the pier now, in ten minutes.

Froth. Ten minutes, still?

[*The moving panoramic scene has continued—the storm clears off, and Dover Cliffs, Town, and Castle, gradually come in view.*]

Capt. Ease her, Richard!

[*Below.*] Ease her, Richard!

Lady V. There's Dover, gentlemen.
All. Dover!

Enter LISSOM, LORD VOLATIL, and ROSE, L., and the other Passengers.

Lis. Dover?—Come, that's good news.

Capt. Ease her!

[Below.] Ease her!

[*The scene stops, and the noise ceases.*]

Lis. Who's alive, here?

Lord V. Fred, how are you

Froth. Dead, my dear Viscount.

Lis. Sic transit gloria mundi!

Lord V. What are we stopping for, Captain?

Capt. Not water enough in the harbour, sir; but there will be in a minute. There goes the flag up, now. Back her, Richard!—Go on,—steady!

FINALE.

All. Behold us now at Dover,—
Tho. I'm very glad it's over!
Rose. Land of the brave and free!
 Oh, not without emotion,
 Thy chalky cliffs I see
 Rise o'er thy subject ocean.
 But, since sweet peace is healing o'er
 The wounds with which my country smarted,
 Be France and England never more,
 Except by these green billows, parted.
Capt. Ease her, Richard!
All. Now we near.
Capt. Fend her off, boy.
All. See the pier!
Capt. [Speaking.] Stop her!
All. Our cares are over,—
 Welcome all to Dover!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Charing Cross.*

Enter SALLY, L.

Sally. Oh, dear me! dear me!—how glad I shall be when my old Thomas comes home again! It be going

for six months now since my lord and he went abroad, and left my lady and I two poor lone women. I ca'n't bear the sight of the stable ; and I never sees the pump in the yard without thinking of my poor dear Thomas. Well, I'll go and put a letter in the post for him, and I do hope it'll be the last. [Going, R., she stops suddenly.] Well, now, if I didn't know he was many a long mile away from London, I could swear that was he coming along by the butcher's, there. Heigho ! it's all along of thinking of him so much, I suppose But it's very like him, now, really ; and just his walk, and—Why, mercy on me ! Thomas !—Speak !—Is it you or a ghost ?

Enter THOMAS TROT, R.

Tho. [Aside.] My wife ! Snap my traces ! here'll be a row !

Sally. Thomas, Thomas ! Speak directly, or I shall swoon away.

Tho. Why, Sally, I—

Sally. It is, it is my own dear Thomas ! Oh, oh, oh ! [Flinging her arms round his neck, and sobbing.]

Tho. Tussey vous, Sally ! Sally, my love, the people'll wonder what's the matter, if they see us so werry familiar in the open street.

Sally. Hang the people ! I don't care for the people ! Oh, I'm so glad you've come back !—But when did you come,—just this moment ? and did you go home and find me out, and came here to look for me ? And what made you stop and look at me so oddly when I spoke to you ? and—and—

Tho. Ah, there it is ; don't you see some'at of the jenny see qui about me ? But, d——n it, the cat's out of the bag, now, and I may as well up, and tell you all about it. So, as to our coming back, we came last night ; and, as to my going home and finding you out, I've never been near the house, for fear of your finding me out, and that's the reason as made me look so oddly when I first see'd you ; and now you knows all about it ; but mind you doesn't tell any body, or I shall be ruined and undone, Sally.

Sally. Why, Thomas, you've not told me nothing at all, except that you came to town last night, and never came near your poor Sally—you barbarous man ! Oh, Thomas ! you've lived abroad till you've forgotten your loving wife—I know you have—you base man !

Tho. Don't be a fool, Sally ; you're always taking such wagaries into your head : I've not forgotten you, you silly woman ; and, to prove it, hav'n't I brought you a beautiful spick-and-span new French bonnet over, as big as the head of a gig, to go to church on a Sunday afternoon in ?

Sally. You have ?

Tho. To be sure, it's got a little out of shape in the voyage, but you can soon put that to rights, you know ; and so now dry your eyes and go home, and mind you say nothing to nobody about your having seen me, or my lord's being in town.

Sally. But why, Thomas ?—That's what I want to know.

Tho. And that's just what I can't tell you, only that it's my lord's pleasure—he has got his reasons for it, and it's our duty, you know, to do as we're bid, and ax no questions.

Sally. Ah, Thomas, I'm afraid there can be no good reasons as keeps married men from their own lawful wedded wives. Not that the fear of meeting my lady need keep him away, for she's in the country.

Tho. In the country ?—You don't say so !

Sally. Bless you, she's been out of town these two months—gone to her uncle's, in Derbyshire, so the housekeeper says.

Tho. My best wig ! here's news for my lord ! I must run and tell him directly, and who knows but he may come home to Hill Street this very day. Good by, Sally—not a word, mind you—mum ! [Exit *Thomas Trot*, L.

Sally. Oh, never you fear me, Thomas. [Aside.] But it's very suspicious, and I'll have the rights out of him, he may take his Bible oath of it. [Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in an Hotel—a door in the flat—chairs and table, with a hand-bell on it*

Enter *ROSE* and *FRISAC*, L.

Rose. Are you convinced now, jealous-pated fellow ?

Fri. Convinced ! Alcides could not shake my faith ! My soul's adored, by this fair hand, white and soft as pomatum, I swear—

Rose. Oh, bah ! bah ! you have sworn the same-thing twenty times over at least, and broken your vows the next minute. But I give you fair warning—the next

jealous freak you take in your head, there is an end of every thing between us.

Fri. I will never take any thing in my head—I will cross the curl of suspicion, and rub the bear's grease of confidence into the foretop of affection.

Rose. And suppose you had drowned yourself, in your foolish passion?

Fri. Oh, mademoiselle! then I should not have deserved this happiness.

Rose. And what prevented you?

Fri. My patriotism and my devotion to the fine arts. I had sprung upon the side of the vessel, my left hand grasping a rope, and my right foot projecting over the ocean, in the fourth position—I stood the picture of despair—the immortal Vestris might have envied me the attitude—a sudden reflection flashed upon my brain—darkness reigned in the sky, and sickness on deck—no eye would have beheld me plunge—no pen or pencil could have transmitted the catastrophe to paper or canvass—I thought of the consternation that would have fallen upon France—Hypolite de Frisac, the Prince of Peruquiers, would have passed from the face of nature, and left not a trace behind. I summoned up my fortitude, and determined to live; I took courage, and resumed my seat on the deck, paraphrasing, in the elevation of my spirit, the beautiful exclamation of Jouy's *Tylla*—

“ Let fate, when she will, cut her Hypolite's thread,
I have shaved without fear, and I'll live without
dread.”

Rose. Heroically resolved! I almost feared you had gone to teach the mermaids how to comb their locks, and the Tritons to tie their tails in queue, and that by the time the season came round again, there would not have been an oyster to be seen with a beard on. But adieu for the present—I must go and find Thomas.

Fri. Thomas! what, the coachman?

Rose. Yes, I have business with him. What, another twinge! beware—beware, I tell you.

SONG—ROSE.

Once, twice, thrice,
I give you, sir, fair warning;
My good advice
Let me not catch you scorning.

The jealous swain shall not in vain
 Labour to detect me:
 I've too much pride, to be the bride
 Of one who dares suspect me;—
 So, if you wist to swell the list
 Of love's romantic martyrs,
 You may go and hang yourself,
 In your yellow garters.
 Once, twice, thrice,
 I give you, sir, fair warning, &c.

[*Exit, R.*

Fri. I hate that Thomas Trot, nevertheless—more—that coachman sticks in my throat—there he is—I feel him just there—his three-cornered hat—his horrible wig! his shoes and buckles! nay, his carriage and horses, they are all there—I can't gulp 'em down—a viscount had been a noble rival, but a coachman—*sacre de bois!* here comes my lord! I shall look out—I shall observe—I shall wash myself here in the closet.

[*Exit into the closet, D. F.*

Enter LORD VOLATIL, R.

Lord V. Strange! no news of Coraly! I begin to suspect some trick; and yet what should bring Rose to England? Gad! I am almost sorry I have followed up this adventure: in Paris, a little intrigue did very well, but this busines would make me look very ridiculous if it were blown here, and would cruelly annoy Lady Volatil.—Poor Fanny, I begin to believe I am not using her very well—I don't know whether it be the air of London, or the associations connected with its well-known scenes, but I certainly do not feel so eager in this pursuit, since my arrival in town.

Enter a Waiter, L.

Wai. A lady below, sir, inquires for Mr. L'Amour.

Lord V. Well, sir, what's that to me?

Wai. To you, sir? Shall I show her up, sir?

Lord V. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! I had almost forgotten my own name! That's the one by which it was arranged I should be known, here—'tis she! 'tis she! 'tis Coraly! no one else could ask for Mr. L'Amour. [*Aloud.*] Show her up, to be sure, fellow, instantly! [*Exit Waiter, L.*] How my heart beats! my passion returns—I hear the rustle of her dress upon the stairs—another moment and she will be clasped in my arms! the door opens—she comes! my life! my soul! my ——

Enter LADY VOLATIL, in her own dress, L., shown in by the Waiter, who crosses and exit, R.

wife ! by all that's terrible !

Lady V. My dear Harry ! I am so delighted to see you !—For Heaven's sake, what's the matter ? Ar'nt you well ? I'll ring the bell, and call for—

Lord V. Nay, nay ; there's not the least occasion—well, my dearest Fanny, I never was better in my life—the—the,—your—your—

Lady V. Yes, yes ; the suddenness of my appearance, the joy of this meeting, has been a little too much for you—I dare say I was the last person you expected.

Lord V. [Aside.] That I'll be sworn you were.

Lady V. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! I'll tell you all about it—you must know I've been down in Derbyshire, this month past, at my uncle's ; and thinking, from your letters, that there was no hope of your returning to England yet awhile, I had determined on taking a trip to Paris, and giving you a pleasant surprise.

Lord V. [Aside.] The devil you had ! that's well stopped, at any rate.

Lady V. And so I came to town this very morning, for that purpose, when, driving by the hotel, who should I see at the window but yourself.

Lord V. [Aside.] Confound the window

Lady V. Of course, I could hardly believe my eyes ; I stopped the post-boys, however, and desired them to inquire who the gentleman was ; the waiter said, that it was a Mr. L'Amour, who had just arrived from Paris, and, thinking I must have been mistaken, I was just telling them to drive on, when I saw Thonias sneak into the house.

Lord V. [Aside.] Ugh ! confusion ! how dared the rascal put his ugly nose out of the house ?

Lady V. It immediately struck me that you had anticipated my affectionate scheme, and returned suddenly to London, in order to give me a pleasant surprise : touched to the soul as I was by such kindness, I could not bear to lose my joke, and, keeping out of Thomas's sight, I told the waiter to say a lady wished to speak to Mr. L'Amour. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha, ha ! It's capital, isn't it ? Ha, ha, ha ! you don't laugh.

Lord V. Laugh ? O yes, I do. Ha, ha, ha !

Lady V. Ha, ha, ha ! why, the ghost in Don Giovanni

laughs better than that—ah, I see you're vexed that I have been beforehand with you—did she spoil its joke? —never mind, a puppet!

Lord V. [Aside.] Oh, but she doesn't suspect—that's one comfort, and she has put an excellent excuse in my mouth. [Aloud.] Why, I own, my dear Fanny, I am rather vexed at being out-general'd: I did think to surprise you, and I had sent Thomas out to reconnoitre for that purpose. But, however, it doesn't signify—we have met again, I embrace my darling wife, and I am happy.

Lady V. That's my own Harry! O, dear!

Lord V. What's the matter, love?

Lady V. Give me a chair, I feel so faint on a sudden; the meeting has been too much for me, too, and, the excitement being over, the re-action, the—the—just ring the bell, and ask for a glass of water.

Lord V. To be sure, love! instantly, [Rings the bell.] Who waits there?

Enter Rose, R.

Rose. Did you ring, my lord?

Lord V. [Aside.] Rose! distraction!

Lady V. [Jumping up.] Bless me! Henry, who's that person?

Lord V. That person?—Oh, that is—that is—

Lady V. That is—that is—whom, pray?

Lord V. A young woman belonging to the hotel,—a glass of water, directly, and send the waiter with it, d'ye hear?

Rose. Yes, my lord.

[Exit Rose, R.

Lady V. Belonging to the hotel? Then how did she know your title? You are here as Mr. L'Amour, and she called you my lord.

Lord V. Did she? Ah, so she did; I suppose Thomas has told her—but don't agitate yourself, you are unwell, you know, and—

Lady V. Nay, this extraordinary apparition has roused me. Harry! Harry! that girl is too well dressed for the chambermaid of such an hotel as this; her air and accent, besides, are foreign—I suspect you have brought her across with you.

Enter Waiter with a glass of water, R.

Waiter. The water, madam.

Lady V. You hear?

Lord V. [Snatching the water, and throwing it in the Waiter's face.] Go to the devil, you rascal! [Exit Waiter, L.]

Lady V. My lord! my lord! you are angry—confused—I must request an explanation of all this.

Lord V. [Aside.] What on earth shall I say? Ah! I have it. [Aloud.] Lady Volatil, I am angry, and I have no doubt, when I tell you the cause, you will think my anger justified: I did not certainly wish you to be acquainted with the circumstance, but I owe it now to my own reputation to make this disclosure. The fact is, that Thomas, presuming upon his long services, has taken the liberty of bringing the girl over in my suite.

[*Frisac* thrusts his head out of the closet, and listens intently.]

Lady V. Thomas! what, Thomas Trot! what, Thomas—steady, honest Thomas, who has got an excellent wife? Poor Sally! little does she think—but, my lord, how do you mean to act? Why do you suffer the creature to remain?

Lord V. I have only just come to a knowledge of the fact; leave him to me—I'll talk to him, I warrant you.

Lady V. Talk to him! discharge him immediately—send for him up, and—

Lord V. No, no, no, no; there's no occasionn to make a disturbance here, you know—we'll go home, and—oh, I'll do every thing that's proper, depend on it.

Lady V. I have no doubt. [Aside.] You always do.

Re-enter the Waiter with a card, L.

Wai. A French lady wishes to speak with you, sir.

Lady V. [Aside.] Excellent, Rose.

Lord V. [Looking on the card and starting.] Coraly! I am ruined! what's to be done? [Aloud.] I'm not at home—I'll send to her—I—

Wai. She's coming up, sir.

Lord V. I can't see her—I'm engaged,—distraction! [Apart to the Waiter.] There's a sovereign! keep her down, and I'll double the sum. [Exit Waiter, L.]

Lady V. [Aside.] Bravo, Rose! [Aloud.] A French lady, my lord? Mercy on us! Thomas has not brought over two, has he?

Lord V. No, no, not so bad as that. It is a lady I showed a little civility to on landing; I put a dozen of French gloves in my pocket for her, that's all; I'll send them to her to-morrow—I know where she's to be found.

Come, let us go home. [Aside.] If I stay here, I shall go mad.

Enter THOMAS TROT, L.

Who the devil sent for you, sir?

Tho. My lord! [Aside.] My lady, too! phew! here's a go.

Lady V. Well you may be ashamed to look me in the face, sir; you old libertine.

Tho. Libertine!

Lady V. At your years to turn seducer! out of my sight, sir.

Tho. Why, my lady—

Lord V. Not a word, sir! hold your tongue—never speak again, as long as you live.

Lady V. Never shall you cross my threshold again! Oh, Thomas! Thomas!

Lord V. Oh, Thomas! Thomas!

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady Volatil, L.*]

Tho. [Standing and staring after them.] Oh, Thomas! Thomas! and oh, Thomas! Thomas! again, if you come to that; criminy crikes! what do they mean with their—oh, Thomas! Thomas! libertine! seducer! not cross her threshold—come, that's very well of my lady, upon my say so—what, when my Sally is cook in the family, I'm not to go into the house, eh! I trust I see myself not going in—and my lord, too, with his oh, Thomas!—but he and I are werry familiar.

[*Exit, L.*—*Frisac* rushes out of the closet in the flat.

Fri. It's all true! and I am very mad! my hair freezes with the heat of my brain! my heart is as hard as a stone—I'll set my razor on it, and then cut my throat—but first I'll have revenge! revenge! Thou awful goddess whose snaky locks were never dress'd by man! conduct me to the abode of the injured Sally Trot? Oh, dat Thomas, I shall tickle up dat toby, Thomas—I go! I go! I go!

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Kitchen at Lord Volatil's—table—chairs—lighted candles on the table—a door, R. F.*

Enter SALLY TROT, with a spit, R.

Sally. Well, there's my lord and lady, both come together; so I dare say my dear Thomas won't be long behind 'em—there was a ring at the bell just now, but

he'd have been down here by this time, if it had been him, I'm sure.

Enter a Footman, l..

Foot. Cook, here's a rum sort o'French fellow, asking for you—shall I send him down?

Sally. Oh, yes! do, if you please, William; I dares to say it's some message from my dear Thomas.

Foot. Here! walk down stairs, monseer! here's Mrs. Trot.

[*Exit, l.*]

Enter FRISAC, l

Sally. Your servant, mounseer! will you please to take a seat, sir; ax your pardon for making you come down stairs, but I'm rather busy, you see.

Fri. Ah! respectable Sally Trot, I beg you will not apologise; je suis François—I am a Frenchman! I reverence the cuisine! cookery is one of the fine arts, and I bow to the ground before its respectable professor.

Sally. [Aside.] Dear me! he's very polite; but I've heard say, that all your French people are. [Aloud.] Pray be seated, mounseer.

Fri. Ah! beauty, Madame Sally Trot! I am the messenger of bad news.

Sally. Bad news! deary me! you don't say so! nothing happened to my dear Thomas, I hope?

Fri. Ah! delicate Sally Trot! I come to stab you to the heart.

Sally. Stab me to the heart! murder! murder!

Fri. Excuse me—you mistake, Madame Sally: do not be alarmed, I shall only wound you in the tenderest part.

Sally. And isn't that the same thing, you mouster! I won't be wounded in any part! keep off, or I'll spit you.

[*Snatches up the spit.*]

Fri. You misunderstand me; I speak figuratively—respectable cook, do not spit; I am come to say, your husband, Monsieur Thomas Trot, is a bad man, and an ugly coachman.

Sally. My husband! I scorn your words! you're a base wretch, to say so.

Fri. Ah, beautiful Sally! he is faithless to those charms. He loves a French demoiselle.

Sally. A French fiddlestick! Where's your proofs, mounseer?

Fri. Proofs! if you could look under my under waist-

coat and see my lacerated heart ! he has cropped from me the rose of my affection—he has ruined Hypolite de Frisac, and betrayed Sally Trot.

Sally. Betrayed me ! betrayed his dear Sally ! Then that was what made him look so sheepish, when I met him this morning ; and now I suppose he's afeard to come home.

Fri. He will never come home ; his mistress has forbid him the house—she knows how he has tortured my soul, and has sent him to fry some other fish.

Sally. [Sobbing.] Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Fri. Do not weep, respectable cook ; or, if you must, let the tears of Frisac be mingled with yours.

[Kneels, takes her round the waist, and she sits on his knee
—Frisac wipes her eyes and his own alternately with his
pocket-handkerchief—Thomas opens the area door, R. F.,
and peeps in.]

Enter THOMAS TROT, R. D. F., with a large French band-box.

Tho. [Not seeing Sally and Frisac.] My lady said I shouldn't cross her threshold—so, egad ! I've jumped over the hairy rails. I wonder where my Sally is ? I've brought her the bonnet—Eh !—Why, curse my cocked hat, if that arn't she in the arms of a man.

Sally. Thank ye, mounseer, you're very good.

Fri. Very good ! Ah, Sally Trot, I wish I was pretty well, for your sake.

Tho. Come, that's pretty well, I thank you. Criminy crikes ! if it isn't Mounseer Frisac ! If I could see a knife, I'd stick it in his gizzard.

[Looks about, and, not finding any weapon, he turns to Frisac and beats him about the head with the bandbox, till the bottom comes out, and leaves it over his shoulders, with the French bonnet within the box, sticking on his head.]

Tho. Take that, and be hanged to you !

Fri. Ah, I'm a dead man !

Sally. Murder ! fire ! thieves !

Tho. I'll teach you how to make love to my wife.

Sally. Stand off, you base deluder ! How dare you show your face here ?

Tho. Why, Sally !

Sally. I'll raise the house. [Calling out.] Murder ! thieves ! fire !

Fri. Murder ! thieves ! fire !

Enter Footmen, Housemaids, &c., L., with brooms, mops, and sticks—a general skirmish takes place, during which Frisac escapes through the area-door, R. F., and the scene closes in the midst of the disturbance, as they are following him.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at Lord Volatil's.*

Enter LADY VOLATIL and ROSE, L.

Lady V. For heaven's sake, Rose, what is the meaning of that disturbance?

Rose. O, madam, it's nothing serious. My foolish Frisac, my unfortunate swain, has tumbled into the water-butt. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha? I hope it will cure his jealous fury a little.

Lady V. Well, Rose, we must prepare for our last scene. His lordship has not suspected the note we have sent, and has absolutely made an excuse to go to the masquerade. I think he is tolerably ashamed of himself already, and in no great humour for keeping his assignation, but thinks, I suppose, that, after having caused a lady to travel all the way from Paris, he must, in common civility, see her, and express his regret for having given her so much unnecessary trouble. My cousin, Lord George Freakly, who has been all along in my confidence, will call for us in his carriage. Away, girl, away!

Rose. You may depend upon me, ma'am. [Exeunt, R.]

Enter LORD VOLATIL, in a blue domino, and a mask in his hand, L.

Lord V. Yes, I am determined I will see Coraly,—I will tell her the truth! I may look like a fool, but I will not be a villain! The sweet smile of my unsuspecting Fanny has wrung my heart: I have shamefully neglected her, and am not worthy of her affection. Let me, however, get well over this evening, and I will endeavour to deserve it. Once more, what says the note—have I made no mistake? [Reads.] “I am surprised and hurt at your refusing to see me, but am willing to believe you have strong reasons for such conduct, and will explain them to me. To give you an opportunity of doing so, I shall be at the Opera-House masquerade this evening: carry a crimson hand-kerchief in your left hand, that I may know you.—CORALY.” I should not have thought this her writing—but the hurry and the agitation she was in—

Enter FROTH, with a domino and mask under his arm, R.

Froth. Viscount Volatil, in a blue domino and a brown study.

Lord V. [Aside.] Confound this fool! what has brought him here? [Aloud.] Why, Fred, is it possible! are you, the prince of the exclusives, going to mingle with the common herd?

Froth. Spare my feelings, viscount; I confess the horror. Nobody goes to a masquerade. But the fact is this: I dined at Lord George Freakly's, and Lord George, and the Marquis of Merryton, and two or three more men, said they were coming, and insisted on my being one of the party. Now, you know, as the people one goes with is every thing, and as the Marquis and Lord George have chosen, for some whim or another, to patronize the affair, if any thing should be said at Almack's or the clubs about it, I shall make them responsible.

Lord V. What have you done with your fellow-traveller.

Froth. Who, Gobble?—Oh, curse him! I left him at Grange's, about four o'clock this afternoon, swallowing the fifth spoonful of his third basin of soup. He positively eat me out of the shop. [A knock without, R.

Lord V. That's his knock, surely.

Froth. Confound him, so it is!

Gob. [Without, L.] Where's Lord Volatil?—must see him.

Froth. Some fellow has told him I meant to call for you, and he has followed me here.

Lord V. Here he comes.

Froth. Yes, that's the bonassus. Somebody said he went out to dine in a timber-yard. Do you know why, Viscount?

Lord V. Can't say I do.

Froth. Why, because he can eat a great deal. It's very good, isn't it?—It almost made me laugh; but it isn't mine, upon my honour.

Lord V. It ought to be, Fred, for it's too bad for any body else. Au revoir!

Froth. Don't we go together, then?

Lord V. No; I have a call to make; I'll join you—[Aside.] if I can't help it. [Exit Lord Volatil, R. S. E.

Froth. Now, that's savage.

Enter CAPTAIN GOBBLE, L.

Capt. G. Oh, so here you are, Froth ! There's Merryton at the door—have you seen him ?

Froth. He brought me in his cab—we dined together.

Capt. G. The devil you did ! where ?

Froth. At Lord George Freakly's.

Capt. G. I wish I'd known that ; he asked me, but I didn't know it was a spread. Give you turtle ?

Froth. Don't recollect, 'pon honour—never eat soup—

Capt. G. I do, always—where's your ticket ?

Froth. There.

Capt. G. Pho ! what's the use of that ?—That don't admit you to supper.

Froth. Supper ! why, you wouldn't sup there—nobody sups there.

Capt. G. 'Gad ! I don't care where I sup, so that I do sup. Rooms thrown open at one o'clock—only twelve now—I shall be hungry enough by that time to eat Dame's allowance, as we used to say at college.

Froth. What college were you at, Tom ?

Capt. G. Eton. [Exeunt Captain Gobble, R., Froth, L.]

SCENE V.—*Interior of the Opera House—the stage is supposed to be the pit, boarded over, the scenery forming an uninterrupted semicircle of boxes—in the centre at the back is the entrance through one box—characters of all descriptions, dominos, &c. in motion.*

A DANCE by PUNCH and JUDY—at the end of which

Enter CAPTAIN GOBBLE, hastily, from the centre.

Capt. G. Gentlemen ! gentlemen ! supper is ready.

[The Characters exeunt through the centre, after which Lord George Freakly advances with Lady Volatil and Rose, masked.

Lady V. There he is ! I can see the handkerchief—he is looking about every where—now stand aside, Lord George ; but pray keep your eye upon us, for I'm frightened out of my wits at being left by myself in this scene of riot, without any protector but Rose.

[Exit Lord George Freakly, through the centre.]

Enter LORD VOLATIL, L.

Rose. [To Lady Volatil.] Shall I address him, my lady ?

Lady V. Yes—now—now—

Rose. [Advancing to *Lord Volatil.*] Hist! my lord! my lord!

Lord V. Hah! who are you?

Rose. Don't you know me, my lord?—I'm Rose.

Lord V. Rose! where's your mistress, then?

Rose. Yonder, my lord.

Lord V. [Advancing to *Lady Volatil.*] Coraly!

Lady V. [In a feigned voice.] I thought you had forgotten her.

Lord V. I can never forget her! would to heaven I could!

Lady V. What mean you, my lord?

Lord V. I have that to say, Coraly, which makes me rejoice that I am masked—I have deceived you—I have deceived myself—I must ever remember you with shame—you will remember me with indignation—I have sought you to say but this—we meet no more.

Lady V. Is it possible! can this be *Lord Volatil*?

Lord V. Yes, this is *Lord Volatil*; and the humiliation he now endures is the only atonement he can make to himself for so long forgetting his station as a nobleman, his duty as a husband, and his character as a man. Farewell, Coraly—forgive me, if you can—in time I may forgive myself—had I acted otherwise, I never could have done so.

Lady V. [Aside, and much affected.] I was not prepared for this—noble, noble Harry!

Lord V. [Aside to *Rose.*] Rose, hear me—at such a moment I cannot speak of money to your mistress—take this pocket-book, and mark—I do not offer its contents as a reparation, but—

Rose. [Looking at, and going to *Lady Volatil*, who appears faint.] My mistress is unwell.

Lord V. Coraly! give her air—untie her mask!

Lady V. Stay, stay, I am better—it is nothing—but I will untie my mask—the moment is arrived to throw it off entirely.

Lord V. That voice! [She unmasks.] Fanny!

Lady V. Yes, your own affectionate, happy Fanny! She trusted the heart for which she had given her own, and she has not been deceived! Not a word, dearest Harry—I know every thing—I forgive every thing.

Lord V. Can it be possible?—But Coraly—

Lady V. She has never left Paris.

Lord V. How! [Taking a note from his pocket] And that note!

Lady V. "The woman who adores you awaits you in London."—Is it not true, Harry?

Lord V. Oh, Fanny! this kindness is worse than reproach. But you, Rose—you told me your mistress was here, and seeing you—

Rose. My mistress is here, my lord; I entered Lady Volatil's service in Paris.

Lord V. In Paris! you have been in Paris?

Lady V. Yes, indeed I have, my lord.

Lord V. Then William was no doubt employed by you.

Lady V. "Carriage to wait, my lord?"—Your lordship's passport's quite ready."

Lord V. Amazement! you William, and followed me, no doubt, in some other shape.

Lady V. "Spitfire sails in half an hour, my lord—your lordship'll go by the English boat."

Lord V. The steward's boy, too! how blind in every sense have I been to your perfections and my own happiness.

Lady V. Come, come, this is no place for us—let us hasten from this scene of vice and riot, to our own home. There is my cousin George, who has been of my counsel through the whole business. By an English fireside you shall hear of my adventures in France; we will keep our own secret, and with the friends here present, who are in our confidence, enjoy, I hope, many a hearty laugh in London at the freaks we have played in Paris.

Enter MASQUERADERS, through the centre.

FINALE.

Rose. Since broken by reason and peace, the dark night

Of prejudice now is nigh ended,

Let us hope what in Paris has given delight,

May in London by smiles be attended.

All. May in London, &c.

Enter FRISAC, wildly, with a pistol in his hand, R.

Fri. [Kneeling to Rose.] Ah, Rose, have I found you?—My folly forgive,

Or despair will become my grave-digger;

For if you'll not bid your poor hair-dresser live,

See his only resource—a hair trigger.

All. See his only resource, &c.

Enter FROTH, R.

Froth. There's nobody here but a horrible set of the lower class—none of the upper.

Enter CAPTAIN GOBBLE, R. U. E., with a wing of a fowl on a fork.

Capt. G. Confound 'em, they crowd so, no plate can I get,—
Will nobody ask me to supper?

All. Will nobody ask him to supper?

[One of the *Masquerade* characters, as a demon, graciously invites *Gobble* to supper, who willingly accepts the invitation. *Lord K.* Whatever you say, Sir. *Esme*—

Lord V. Whatever my errors in France may have been,

A merciful jury impanel,

And do as my wife has done in the last scene.—

Forgive me on this side the channel.

All. Forgive him on this side the channel.

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FRI. ROSE. LORD & LADY V. CAPT. G. FROTH.
R.] [L.

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